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The Week

A MERICAN policy, as Secretary Hughes points out, has always been favorable to the settlement by arbitration of judiciable disputes between nations. By joining the World Court America would make an additional gesture in evidence of its known disposition. Such a gesture would do no harm and might do good. True, the Court is a League, not a world institution, but the reservations proposed by Mr. Hughes appear to be quite adequate to maintain national aloofness from the League in all other respects. What is questionable is the good taste of bringing forward such a blameless and pointless proposal in a crisis like the present one. The condition of the world is extremely grave. The foundation of Anglo-French association is crumbling. France and Germany have locked their wills in desperate struggle. Russia and Poland are striking at each other blows muffled by Lithuania. A delicate situation exists in the Near East. Force is everywhere unsheathed, and the best abilities of statesmen are desperately needed to keep it from filling the world with desolation. Our statesmen appear on the scene with the ponderous air of men who possess a solu-

tion. And what do they offer? Adherence of America to an optional arbitral organ for the settlement of justiciable disputes. As we said, there is no harm in that, provided that we do not assume that we have thereby performed a serious international duty.

EXACTLY how much has Germany already paid to the Allies under the provisions of the Treaty? That is a question which ought to admit of a definite answer. Yet there is so much uncertainty about it that well informed and honest men can be as far apart as the poles in their estimates. The German Ambassador to England puts the sum at 34,690,000,000 gold marks, not counting the value of the German colonies and Alsace-Lorraine. The French foreign office says that Germany has paid only 5,843,000,000 gold marks. The data given by the Reparations Commission, as analyzed in the December issue of *La Paix par le Droit*, indicate that ten billion gold marks may be taken as a minimum figure. The writer in *La Paix par le Droit* points out that by this reckoning Germany has paid practically twice as much, in a period of three years, as France paid in the same period of time after the Franco-Prussian war. The population of Germany is, to be sure, fifty percent greater than that of France in 1870. Also, the level of prices, wages and incomes generally is higher, probably by at least fifty percent. On the other hand, Germany was far more seriously exhausted by the World War than France by the relatively brief Franco-Prussian war. German economic relations with the rest of the world were much more seriously disturbed. These facts do not prove that Germany has done all she could toward paying. But they ought to dispel the impression that she has paid virtually nothing.

GENERAL DEGOUTTE says that the French can remain in the Ruhr a thousand years, if the Germans do not yield. That is spoken like a general, a Dumas general. Less picturesque people realize that time is pressing. The occupation of the Ruhr has practically stopped reparations payments, whether in cash or kind. It has increased the military outlays materially. Every day that it

is prolonged weakens the French financial position. France, like every other country, is made up chiefly of commonplace people who find it hard to make ends meet and harder to pay taxes. They were promised relief from part of their fiscal burdens through the sums to be shaken out of Germany by the Ruhr adventure. They are waiting impatiently for the fulfillment of these promises. If the affair drags on too long they will become impatient and demand a change in management. If the Germans hold out all summer the probabilities are that M. Poincaré will have to give way to some statesman more skilled in weighing the imponderables of international politics.

CAN the Germans possibly hold out? The cutting off of coal supplies from the Ruhr must sooner or later reduce German industrial production to its lowest terms. But a people can go without industrial products for a long time, provided it can obtain food. Now, unoccupied Germany has the same supply of domestic food stuffs as she had before. In so far as she can shift the obligation to feed the Ruhr population, she is better off in this respect than she was before. But she needs seventy-five million bushels of imported grain to supplement her domestic supply. Without industrial production she can find no exports with which to pay for it. Still, the financial transaction involved is not of crushing weight. One hundred and fifty million dollars would be ample. According to conservative estimates, German citizens hold a billion dollars in credits abroad. From these facts it is a fair inference that if the Germans really stick together and apply their private resources to the public need without stint, the policy of passive resistance can be maintained for a long time.

ANDRÉ TARDIEU, who ought to know what he is talking about, says that "at this moment the French government is preparing to send to Moscow what is described as an economical, but is really a political mission." This will be denied, he says, but is nevertheless true. Certainly it is not improbable. French diplomacy, within its prefixed limits, is realistic. It strives for power, not the antithesis of power, consistently. France is supreme on the continent today, with her magnificent army and the armies of her satellites, Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, Rumania and Jugoslavia. But tomorrow a combination of the nations that are down, Russia, Germany, Hungary and Bulgaria, with England friendly, might prove too much for France and her satellites. Russia must be won back, if France is to remain secure. In view of the mischief France has wrought in Russia, the feat might appear impossible. But the Soviet government also is realistic in its diplomacy. Its needs are great, and it would give much for the kind of support France has lavished upon Poland.

THE old régime in Minnesota has retained control of the State University by the narrowest of margins. The votes in the State Legislature, like the public excitement which has been growing on the subject in that state, cannot help but be salutary. These votes carry not only a warning, but a promise of future relief. The bill to deprive the regents of the power to discharge faculty members was defeated in the House by a majority of one. The test vote on the nominations of regents by the governor was taken as the result of a motion to refer the nominations to a committee for investigation. The motion was defeated by a vote of 34 to 32. The significance of this vote lies in the fact that the full strength of the Farmer-Labor party in the State Senate was only 22; that ten votes in favor of investigation were cast by other senators; that Governor Preus and his following of senators, skilled in legislative technique, were opposed by men who were almost all new at the business and without leadership; and that the nominations were not submitted by the Governor until far into the session, when the full power of the state machine had had an opportunity to garner, in accordance with time-honored precedents, all doubtful senators. The indications are that the fight will go on. The old parties may be playing into the hands of the Farmer-Labor party in permitting it to remain the chief advocate of freedom of opinion and speech at the State University.

IS public education a financial burden which is fast growing beyond our capacity to bear? Dr. Pritchett of the Carnegie Foundation thinks that it is. He points out that since 1890 the cost of education has increased from \$140,000,000 to \$1,000,000,000. That is about a seven-fold increase. At the same time our national wealth has grown from sixty-five billions to over three hundred—a little less than a five-fold increase. The disproportion is not sufficient to justify alarm. And as to the absolute figure of one billion, it is less than two percent of our national income. We can well afford to invest that two percent or more in the education of the rising generation provided that the education is good. The vital question is not how much education costs, but whether it is worth the cost. And that is a question that can't be solved by an appeal to financial statistics.

COMMITTEES of both Houses of Congress reported favorably late in the session resolutions proposing an amendment to the Constitution to the effect that "Congress shall have power, concurrent with that of the several States, to limit or prohibit the labor of persons under the age of eighteen years." It is a matter of regret that the committees adopted language of their own and departed from the form of the McCormick resolution, the product of a conference of child welfare

organizations. This resolution made it clear that the power reserved to the states was to legislate in such manner only as should "not lessen any limitation of such labor or the extent of any prohibition thereof by the Congress." In explanation of the "concurrent" power which Congress is to have together with the states, both committee reports refer to recent decisions of the Supreme Court expounding the "concurrent" power conferred by the prohibition amendment. It may be, however, that the matter is not so easily disposed of and that the phrase may do much to nullify the purpose of the amendment. In the prohibition decisions the Supreme Court pointed out that the amendment itself contains the prohibition and that Congress and the states have power merely to carry out that legislation. The proposed amendment, however, contains no prohibition nor restrictive nor regulatory provisions. It simply gives Congress power "concurrent" with the states to limit or prohibit. The prohibition decisions do not throw any light upon the legal result, for instance, of legislation by a state licensing certain labor for children over twelve in the face of congressional legislation prohibiting the same labor for children under sixteen. It is idle to say that the federal law could be superior for the amendment intentionally and expressly makes the power of Congress merely "concurrent." When Congress granted Washington and Oregon "concurrent" jurisdiction over the Columbia river the Supreme Court held that Oregon could not punish as a crime fishing which Washington had licensed within its territorial limits. We do not wish to be ungracious. Brevity is a virtue. In Congress it is a miracle. But we cannot believe that the saving of the additional twenty-nine words of the McCormick resolution which remove all doubts is true economy.

ACCORDING to the theory of our government the will of the American people has found its embodiment when a majority of each House and the President concur on a measure and the Supreme Court has not yet had a chance at it. A majority of each House and the President were for the shipping subsidy. But a determined minority, heavily armed with silver tongues, did the subsidy to death. That puts us in a dilemma. When we think of the way in which the subsidy was killed we disapprove; when we think of the thing that was killed we rejoice. And our rejoicing swallows up our disapproval and is still hungry. The Romans managed this sort of thing much better. When somebody brought Caesar the head of Pompey, which he had hunted for through the whole Mediterranean, he burst publicly into tears, for history to record his disapproval of the way Pompey was taken off. Then he proceeded quietly to profit by it. Though the muse of history were holding a tear jar for us, we couldn't for our lives squeeze out a single drop for the killing of the subsidy.

TO raise the discount rate is the only effective means the bankers have for keeping business expansion from outrunning conservative limits and producing a speculative boom, to be followed by a crash. Accordingly the action of the New York Federal Reserve Bank in raising the rediscount rate from four to four and one half percent deserves hearty commendation. It was a public spirited thing to do, and the banking community accepted the action in a public spirited manner, raising discount rates proportionately. But public spirit which brings increased profits is subject to popular misapprehension. It would be advantageous, to the banking community, in the long run, if it could devise some means by which the profits on public spirit could be set aside for public use.

MAYOR HYLAN, writing from Palm Beach, orders a mass meeting in New York in protest against the coal shortage. It would have been equally effective, and more humane, to have ordered the mass meeting in Palm Beach.

PRESIDENT HARDING is not a hard hearted man. He is not even especially hard headed. Neither his personal sentiments nor his private prejudices can account for his keeping the jail doors locked on the political prisoners railroaded to jail under a dubious application of a law that no decent American would retain on the statute books in time of peace. The President knows that some of the political prisoners are dying of tuberculosis contracted in jail. He knows that in exacting what is virtually a death sentence for the mere expression of opinions once held subversive by juries unduly influenced by panic and war spirit he is exhibiting a unique ruthlessness. Nobody can bring a similar charge against the British, French or German governments, or even against Lenin and Trotzky. Other governments keep political prisoners in jail when their release would be a real menace to the state. No elephant was ever so little imperilled by a mouse as the United States would be by the handful of political prisoners released from jail. It is a religion that keeps President Harding from doing the decent and manly thing, the religion of politics. The ancient order of the bloody shirt would raise a great hubbub if the President exercised clemency. But there are other voices in America besides that of the bloody shirt. By this time his repeated rebuffs by the legislative branch should have taught President Harding that his old standards of politics are a failure. He would hear the voice not only of better humanity and patriotism, but of better politics if he would listen in at the Lexington Theatre on the afternoon of March 11th, where Senator Borah champions the cause of the political prisoners.

Anglo-American Cooperation

Restoration and reparations cannot possibly succeed without the help of Americans. We cannot do it alone. They have got the gold of the world locked up in their chests. They have a moral responsibility. They helped create the situation. They came in a year before the end of the war; they helped to break up Germany; and their President signed a treaty with these [the reparation] clauses in it. Although the Senate rejected the Treaty, it was rejected not upon the ground of the reparation clauses, but because they would not accept the League of Nations. They morally accepted the Treaty. . . . What really matters is getting the Americans in with or without the League of Nations.

David Lloyd George in the British House of Commons.

THE foregoing words of Mr. Lloyd George fairly express the prevailing opinion in England. The British government does not feel strong enough to deal with the political and economic problem of reparations either alone or with any help which it can obtain from other European countries. But if it could only agree upon a common policy with the United States and submit that policy to the French government as the matured decision of the whole English-speaking world, France, as Mr. Lloyd George declared in the same speech, would not dare to refuse. The United States, as the majority of Englishmen and many Americans think, has incurred a clear moral responsibility to share in settling the problem of reparations under the Treaty; and they feel much aggrieved at the non-cooperative attitude of the American government. The British government on its side has labored and sacrificed to clear away the obstacles to political partnership with America. It has accepted what the majority of Englishmen consider to be an onerous settlement of the Anglo-American debt. It has evacuated the citadel of British Far Eastern policy for twenty years—the Anglo-Japanese Alliance. It signed the treaty with the Irish Free State partly for the purpose of placating American opinion. But the attitude of the American government and to a large extent American opinion still remain non-cooperative. What is there to be done about it?

This English state of mind is on the whole not unreasonable. Anglo-American cooperation in dealing with reparations and the other political and economic problems resulting from the war is desirable to the point of being indispensable. The British are much more alive to its necessity than the Americans, and the sacrifices which they have deliberately made to clear away the obstacles to cooperation are real, costly and enormously creditable to their good sense. They have proved once again their superiority to other modern peoples in sheer moral decency and political ability. They have some bad years immediately ahead of them, but they are politically so able and morally so homogeneous that in the end they can hardly fail to emerge from the world war and its consequences,

as they emerged from the Napoleonic wars, ahead by a generation of their European associates.

Among their existing political ambitions which they will eventually achieve is a constructive understanding with this country. Remote and difficult as a common policy seems to be at the present time, the nature and the momentum of inescapable facts render joint intervention of some sort ultimately inevitable. The two nations occupy an economic and political relationship to the continent of Europe which is alike in kind although different in degree; and a continuation of the process of social dissolution which is taking place on the European continent will in the end compromise the stability of their own social structures. Yet desirable and inevitable as Anglo-American cooperation is, the arguments which Mr. Lloyd George employs to recommend it to Americans are badly chosen. The most effective kind of talk which Englishmen can utter to alienate American sympathy, to postpone the advent of an understanding and to deprive it of virtue when it comes is to urge it on the American public as the re-assumption of an unfulfilled preexisting moral obligation for the carrying out of the reparations clauses of the Treaty of Versailles.

There are a few hundred thousand supporters of President Wilson who recognize the kind of responsibility for the Treaty which Mr. Lloyd George fastens on the American nation, but the ordinary American does not recognize it at all. In our opinion he never will recognize it and there is no reason why he should. The American people in refusing to ratify the Treaty repudiated in spirit the whole of it. They repudiated the general idea of obligating their government to interfere by force in the political and economic dissensions of the Europe which framed the Treaty. That document was all of one piece. It contained better and worse provisions, but the reparations clauses were the worst of all. It did not begin to create a new Europe with which a better America could some day freely cooperate. It perpetuated in a still more disastrous legal incarnation the old Europe as it had existed in July 1914. It had precisely one sanction for all its provisions—the sanction of military victory and preponderant military force. Ratification by the United States would have obligated the American people to place American military and economic power at the disposal of one faction or another in the European nationalistic feuds. The refusal to ratify it was in effect a decision to remain aloof from Europe at least until it was possible to interfere for the benefit of Europe as a whole.

The American people have a moral responsibility with respect to Europe, but it is not a responsibility which derives from their failure in 1919 explicitly to reject the reparations clauses of the Treaty. It derives from their obligation and ability to help other human beings in grave distress and their refusal to ratify the Treaty is their best

preparation, so far as Europe is concerned, for redeeming it. Their freedom from any obligation under the Treaty and their indisposition to place American military and economic power again at the disposal of any European faction to be used for factional purposes are their chief qualifications for contributing ultimately to an improved European settlement. The justification which an American friend of England may feel in looking forward with some confidence to eventual cooperation between Great Britain and the United States on a program of intervention does not arise from any expectation that the United States will repudiate the decision which it took in rejecting the Treaty. It arises rather from the increasing probability that Great Britain will repudiate the decision which it took in signing the Treaty. The British government is moving away from the obligations which it assumed at Versailles; the United States is not moving towards the specific obligations which it refused to assume in Washington. It is the movement of Great Britain towards the flexible and unhampered position assumed by the United States which brings the two nations nearer together and will permit them finally to become partners in a common European continental policy.

The chief obstacle to cooperation is and will be the enormous intrinsic difficulty of devising any policy which is likely in the eyes of realistic and responsible statesmen to bring to Europe the chance of tranquility and restoration. The only sincere and intelligent attempt which we have discovered to frame an immediately available Anglo-American policy of joint intervention is proposed by the *New York World*. It "believes that the British and American governments should jointly and publicly state that, when France and Germany consent, they are prepared to take part in a general conference for the establishment of peace between France and Germany. They should announce their willingness to discuss the revision of inter-Allied debts, the revision of reparations, the floating of a loan to cover the earlier reparation payments, and joint and several guarantees that Germany's revised payments will be enforced and that the Franco-German frontier will not be crossed either way by an invading army. A proposal of this general sort should be made as a standing invitation. It should not now be pressed on the Poincaré or Cuno government, but it should be presented to them publicly and then tried out before the court of public opinion in France and Germany as well as the rest of the world."

The *New Republic* devoutly wishes that the two English-speaking governments could join in a public statement to France and Germany which would propose the calling of a world conference under specified conditions, but the conditions specified by the *New York World* are not in our opinion either politically possible at present or probably constructive of European peace. What assurance could

President Harding give to France, Germany and Great Britain that, if such a conference assembled and if it reached a settlement based upon a remission of American debts to Europe, the lending by this country of money to Germany wherewith to start reparations payments, and the guarantee by the American and British governments that Germany will pay as much as the conference declares she can and should pay, the Senate and American public opinion would ratify the agreement? Obviously the President would not be justified in giving any such assurance. There would be no way of finding out whether American public opinion, as represented by the Senate, would acquiesce until the actual agreement was framed in conference, signed by the American delegates and submitted to senatorial decision. But according to all present appearance the preponderant American public opinion both inside of the Senate and outside would refuse to assume an obligation of this kind. Moreover the ratification of such an agreement would be opposed by many warm friends of American participation in European appeasement—among them the *New Republic*. It would be tantamount in actual practice to the substitution of an Anglo-American combination for France as the dominant power in continental Europe. It would make the United States responsible for coercing the German nation to pay an amount of money determined by a conference which would be far from disinterested, and considering the existing economic and psychological condition of Germany the responsibility could not be fulfilled without taking over to a considerable extent the financial administration of that country.

The specific program proposed by the *New York World* ignores the most sinister and difficult but at the same time unavoidable aspect of the existing crisis in the supposed interest of an alleviation of the immediate disorder and suffering. It offers France the benefit of a conference and of British and American guarantees without stipulating in advance any concessions by France in exchange. The French government is now engaged in pursuing a policy which will dismember and ruin her most populous neighbor. There can be no pacification and reconstruction in Europe until that project is defeated, abandoned and as definitely and as clearly condemned by international public opinion as was the German invasion of Belgium. The immediate business of an Anglo-American combination is to make sure that the French policy is not allowed to accomplish the result towards which it is tending. If it is to do its work thoroughly, it should begin operations by declaring publicly its sympathy with the Germans in their present struggle for self-preservation, their right to indemnification and its refusal to regard the French occupation of the Ruhr as an asset with which the French will in the future be permitted to bargain. If France is allowed to enter a general

conference without having abandoned her existing ambitious pretensions and self-righteous arrogance, the conference, like its predecessor in Paris, will degenerate into a futile attempt to placate an implacable egotism. Sooner or later, if Germany is ever to be restored, Europe tranquilized and international conferences supplied with a necessary reserve of effective goodwill, France will have to recognize the existence of a Europe in which other nations and particularly Germany possess interests and functions as important as her own. Until that time arrives it is the job of an Anglo-American combination not to join her in a conference which could only result in their becoming more or less her accomplices, but to remain aloof and to strengthen by any means they can short of open hostilities the German will and power to resist.

Order vs. Anarchy in Coal

THE school of hard knocks is the only institution that succeeds in instilling instruction into the lazy youth. And we all may be set down as lazy, and youths, in our capacity as citizens. We bask in the sun when the sun shines, unmindful of the coming winter. We parrot old saws that really mean nothing to us. We indulge in day-dreaming enthusiasms or in dull edged cynicisms whose only function is to afford us an easy moral escape from doing anything. Then comes the hard knock and we cry out. If it is hard enough we learn something. Just now we are aching severely under the hard knock of a coal shortage. Perhaps we shall learn something from it.

What are the lessons that experience is trying to cut into our skins with a frost-edged ferrule? First of all, that we have travelled far beyond the stage of economic development where the easy going old rule of each for himself and Jack Frost take the hindmost might properly have been called economic law. It is now nothing but economic anarchy. Economic, like political anarchy, proves itself in the emergency. If all our political institutions were abrogated we should not for that resolve ourselves into a universal body of contract jumpers, thieves and cutthroats. No, we'd try to carry on business as usual, and we'd succeed until it came to the scratch, when we should jerry together some sort of quasi-military control that would hold our noses above water until the flood receded and left us plashing in the mud. Just so with our economic anarchy in the coal supply. We have set up our coal administrators, with authority to seize Peter's coal to thaw out Paul, until the latter's turn comes to freeze again. The sun's rays are steadily growing stronger and soon we shall be able to disband the fuel administration and traipse along fairly comfortably in the slush.

Let us make haste to disavow any intent to

belittle the work of the fuel administration. But for it many who now merely shiver would freeze. We do not belittle the work of vigilance committees, and committees of public safety, nor of the Soviet government, the most distinguished example in history of the emergency organization that a people sunk in fundamental anarchy is forced to generate. We simply point out that anarchy tempered by emergency vigilance committee organizations is not a substitute for order. This should by this time be so clear, in the matter of the coal supply, that the public should be about ready for action.

Action: that is the god before whom we ostentatiously prostrate ourselves. We must do something. But what?

Shall we order that there must be no more stoppages in the coal production, and that the railways must furnish, always, adequate transportation facilities? That would suffice if we could execute the order. But can we? Let us face the problem squarely.

The mines are private property. They are owned by free men and worked by men who, if not yet all free, are on the road to freedom. Under our scheme of private property rights the owners of mines have the right to say whether the mines shall be operated or not. The miners have the right to say whether they will work or not. The railway owners have to follow their own discretion in equipping themselves with rolling stock and keeping it in repair; the railway workers have to decide for themselves whether they shall keep on working. Thus four independent powers stand between the consumer and his coal, and any one of the four may decide to withhold its cooperation.

This, to be sure, has always been the case. The same separation of powers existed when almost everybody had reason to be satisfied with the workings of competitive law. The difference lies in the fact that on the one hand the movement to the cities has deprived the consumer of many of his means of self help, and on the other hand the unseen laws of industrial development have effected an organization of capital and labor that has transformed the potential forces in mining and transportation into actual forces. Labor thirty years ago was not in a position to tie up mining or the railways. It is today. Thirty years ago it was not practicable for all the operators or the railways to act as a unit. It is today. It will be even more practicable tomorrow. The risk of coal famine is a growing risk. If we do not make provision for meeting it in an orderly manner now, we shall be driven to it later, by increased sufferings and disasters.

We cannot reverse the forces of progress and redistribute our population so that it may have access to firewood. We cannot dissolve the organizations of labor and capital and win security

through the play of competition. That has been tried repeatedly, in this country and abroad, and has never resulted in anything but an exacerbation of the tendencies toward anarchy.

The American people abandoned long ago the notion that they could solve the problem of the railways by enforced competition and the elimination of labor organization. They insisted upon the acceptance by the industry of the public service principle in lieu of the principle of untrammelled self-interest. Nevertheless the railways are still shot through and through with conflicting private wills and interests, that, in their sum represent a huge waste and detriment to the public service. We have New England communities suffering for want of fuel, the immediate consequence of inadequate rolling stock. And that in turn is due primarily to a stubborn conflict between railway employers and railway workers, which leaves a wholly unnecessary proportion of the cars and locomotives in disrepair. What chance is there that such conflicts may be made impossible, so long as we continue the railways under private ownership? Or what chance is there that we shall solve the more fundamental problem of adequate financial resources applied without waste to the work of transportation? None at all. We shall not attain order in the railway industry until we run the roads for the public and by the public.

Public ownership of railways is coming. But when it has come, how far shall we be on the road toward a solution of the coal problem? Private mine owners and their employees will still quarrel and occasionally engage in strikes and lockouts. We shall still have stoppages, waste and confusion. But we can greatly narrow their range, once we have the railways in our hands.

For it is well known that the railways have the mine industry by the throat. Whether a mine shall operate with full forces or not depends on the supply of cars. Taking normal and abnormal times together, the chief reason for irregular operation, inadequate coal production and unemployment is the failure of the railways to provide cars. So long as the railways are in private hands, they cannot be permitted to discriminate, and therefore have to keep the industry as a whole on short rations. Public railways could freely discriminate, and to the great advantage of both worker and consumer. They could impose upon every mine company supplied with cars the obligation to operate continuously and thus furnish steady employment. That is, so far as we can see, the most practicable method of abating short time in the mining industry and the discontent that goes with it.

But how can it be made practicable to operate the mines at a uniform pressure when consumption is seasonal, as it is in the case of anthracite, and in a measure, in the case of bituminous coal

also? Through the encouragement of storage. There are no technical difficulties in the way of storing anthracite, and no insuperable bars to the storage of bituminous coal. By a reduction in railway rates, conditioned upon limitation of miners' and middlemen's profits, stocking up with coal in the spring and summer could be made very advantageous to the consumer who has storage space. Where such space cannot be provided by private consumers, as among apartment dwellers in the cities, it may be found necessary, in time, to adopt a policy of maintaining municipal stocks. But as a rule the storage space will be found when there is sufficient inducement for finding it. And such inducement could be readily provided by a national railway system having the power to cut rates even to a nominal figure in the slack season and to raise them, if necessary, to punitive levels at times when the demands on the transportation resources tend to become excessive.

The fuel problem is a problem of transportation. We shall have a certain and economical fuel supply when we have taken the railways out of private hands, and not until we have done that. With the railways in our possession we can, if we choose, regulate both the mining industry, forcing continuous operation, and the middleman, forcing reasonable margins. We can, further, reform the habits of the consumer, compelling him to join in the essential work of carrying stocks, and in case of need, we can encourage the maintenance of municipal stocks. Public ownership of railways would give us an instrument for establishing order in place of the existing anarchy in many quarters besides the coal industry. But in the latter the case is clearer than anywhere else. This is the lesson of a winter of shivering and chilblains and it is to be hoped that we shall have the good sense to take it to heart.

It's a Bad, Bad Book

FOR not the first time in the world's history the "Prelates"—so say the headlines—"Lay Plans to Fight Bad Books." There have been a lot of "bad books" in the past, and a lot of good prelates have sought, repeatedly, to suppress them. Invariably the "bad books"—if they have at the same time been good enough—have won, and their titles are on our bookshelves while the names of the prelates are no longer even in anybody's memory.

The latest effort at suppressing some of our bad books is as usual chiefly productive of publicity for them, and brings to the notice and within the range of curiosity of some thousands of people, who otherwise would never have heard of them, Schnitzler's *Casanova's Home Coming*, D. H. Lawrence's *Women in Love*, *The Diary of a Young Girl*, Petronius's *Satyricon*, and *Jurgen*.

But this effort, of which Mr. Justice Ford is the indignant mouthpiece, has one original feature. Far from desiring to suppress these five particular books, Mr. Justice Ford complains that "the most formidable obstacle to be overcome is the difficulty, amounting almost to impossibility, of getting before the people the shocking contents of the books themselves." Mr. Justice Ford can, we think, congratulate himself on having lessened that difficulty by telling ever so many people who see the front page of the newspapers that there are five bad books to be had much too easily, that everybody ought to read them and see how bad they are, and that their names are so and so and so.

Three of these books, Mr. Justice Ford further complains, have been given a clean bill of health by another magistrate, and there is no appeal against his decision. Nothing can be done except to change the law. Therefore—so Mr. Justice Ford told a number of influential people (among them Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Easley, Mr. John Sumner, Mr. H. L. Bowlby of the Lord's Day Alliance)—the law ought to be changed, particularly so that a publication any part of which is found to be obscene can be held obscene as a whole, and its sale or distribution made punishable accordingly.

If such an amendment were to go through, and be administered with even average strictness, it would not be long in defeating itself—or rather any one of its enemies could defeat it by asking to have the sale of the Bible prohibited on the ground, the very plain and irrefutable ground, that this best of all bad books contained not one, but several obviously shocking and indecent passages. The Fall of the Bible would be the precedent for the suppression of a large series of rather famous writings from Shakespeare to Mark Twain, which, though excellent on the whole, were unfortunately marred by the occasional intrusion of an obscenity.

Obscenity—the word, already vague enough, after such repeated use would come to mean little or nothing. If the people who most fear it have their way, it is a word that will quickly be so diluted and enlarged as to drown all literature. A few years, and literature will have disappeared from the surface of life, only to be bootlegged about in flasks like liquor. There will be secret distribution of a hip-pocket edition of the classics. The liquid prohibition joke will take second place, and people will begin to snicker over the following, "Say, as I was getting on the sleeper yestiddy a queer looking guy asts if I wanneta pay five dollars for a copy of Little Women he says, and gives me a big wink, so of course I thought he had some real literature like Jurgen now, or Little Women in Love, so I hands him the five. Well, sir, when I got on board and unwraps it, it sure enough was just plain Little Women."

In the days to come the guardians of our morals will have learned that a lot of books are bad which we did not use to think of even as books, and they

will have come to the logical conclusion that any publicly circulated printed matter which results, directly or indirectly, in harm, evil, misfortune or corruption to oneself or one's neighbor must be suppressed. The guardians will sooner or later come to realize that the shrine of purity isn't the only one that must be kept undefiled, and that a book can be dangerous in many ways other than indecency. If printed matter can suggest or teach sexual irregularity it can just as easily teach people to lie, steal, overeat, contradict, smoke, loaf, drink Moxie, or prevent them, by filling their minds with irrelevant matter, from loving mankind or waiting until the car stops. Evil communications corrupt good manners, and since the majority of communications are evil, or at any rate unnecessary, printed matter facilitating communication will have to come under the ban.

Accordingly, to save time and trouble over something that is bound to happen sooner or later, we advocate the immediate suppression of the telephone directory. For if we go behind its comparatively innocent list of names to the deeper social implications that lie in the ability of hundreds of thousands of weak and sinful mortals to get into immediate touch with large quantities of other equally sinful mortals, if we judge this book not so much by its contents as by a careful count of the murders in whose consummation it has been the agent; by a statistical analysis of the robberies, orgies, barratries, and torts of one kind or another which it has hastened or abetted; by a summary of the connivances and complots for crime, idleness or dubious pleasure which it makes possible; by a careful placing, end to end toward the moon, of all the sins which would not have been committed if it had not been possible for people to look up other people's numbers and get them on the wire for the greater glory of Satan, it is surely the vilest and most harmful book in all the world.

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taste, lo! they will find him in an old thatched farmhouse. Sometimes he will be sensuous, now in the Pompeian, now in the Oriental style, with a misty background of lamp-light, incense smoke, glimmering frescoes of the Lover and the Beloved, and doors provocatively half-open to vistas of subtle enchantments.

And when evening is over, and the songs of the departing revellers grow faint on the night-wind, then again the Master of the House stands alone in the Dwelling that he has built, and looks about him at stars hanging in his garden. He opens his nostrils to the cool air. With a comfortable yawn he blows out the last lamp, goes upstairs, leaps into that royal bed of his and sleeps.

Perhaps, Charon, you think that no one will join me in so egotistical a Paradise. You are wrong. I know a dozen or so, good comrades and hearty chirpers all, who will join me—providing that each be the centre of adulation. Of course, I myself shall be that centre, but in my home there will be an illusion whereby every ego will conceive itself to be in such a position. Surely this will be possible in Heaven?

Ah! but wait, Charon! Wait! I clean forgot Love! . . . No, Charon, that will be all. It was a wise omission. Take love back to Mephistopheles who made it, and let the Devil turn sonneteer!

ROBERT HILLYER.

The Break-Down at Lausanne

WRITING so soon after the refusal of the Turkish delegates to sign the draft treaty, one would be rash to prophesy the ultimate consequences. The refusal may merely be a rather elephantine method of bidding for still better conditions, or it may be definitive and a signal for the renewal of fighting. In the meantime, it is possible to discern the general outlines of the military position, should war recur, and to survey the broader consequences—good and evil—of two and a half months' negotiations.

A rupture of the Armistice of Mudania would probably bring the fate of Smyrna upon Constantinople. Doubtless the British naval and military position in the Bosphorus is stronger than last autumn, but the Turks have possibly strengthened themselves more than proportionately, both in Constantinople itself and in Eastern Thrace, and it would be surprising if General Harington attempted to maintain his hold upon both sets of narrows. Preparations have certainly been made for the evacuation of Constantinople, at short notice, not only by the Allied troops but by the foreign colonies, yet even if this hazardous operation were accomplished successfully, it would involve the gravest dangers for the mixed native population which remained behind. The evacuation would hardly go unchallenged by the Turkish forces on the Asiatic side and in Thrace, not to speak of those which are reported to have been secretly filtering into the city. Their strategy would be to strike at the British at once, while they were scattered, surrounded by a largely hostile population, and engaged in a difficult movement, and not to wait till they were concentrated at Chanak and Gallipoli. There would be fighting in the city and its suburbs; the Ottoman Christian population (who have been encouraged by the Lausanne negotiations to stay) would be seized with a panic which would

invite attack by their Muslim neighbors; there would be massacre, and a conflagration which would make the fires of Smyrna pale, for Smyrna was a city of stone and rubble while Constantinople is a city of wood. The breach of the peace might thus bring swift destruction upon an urban area containing over a million people, yet that tremendous human calamity might have little effect on the military issue between Turkey and Britain. If the British fleet and army once succeeded in withdrawing to the Dardanelles, where they could conveniently be reinforced and supplied, they could probably beat off Turkish attacks for an indefinite period; nor, on the Mesopotamian front, would it be easy for the Turks to make themselves masters by main force of the Vilayet of Mosul. Mosul lies in the plain, with easy communications to Bagdad and Basra. It is separated from the Turkish military bases in Anatolia by range upon range of Taurus and Anti-Taurus. An illuminating analogy to a possible campaign here is afforded by the actual Anglo-Afghan war of 1920, when the Afghan army attempted to penetrate, through the mountains of the northwest frontier, into the plains of the Punjab, which bear somewhat the same relation to the rest of Northern India as Mosul bears to Iraq. The result of these Afghan operations demonstrated the enormous advantages enjoyed by the defence in such operations; but on the other hand the ceaseless round of raids and punitive expeditions on this very frontier, which taxes the resources of India whether there is officially peace or war, indicates where the real weakness of the British position as against Turkey would lie. The Turks could never defeat the British, but the British on their part could never make an end of the Turks, and since each British soldier at Chanak and Mosul would cost anything up to a hundred times as much as the Turkish soldier sitting opposite him and holding him there in posi-

On Heaven

SINCE you are so kind, Charon, I will tell you—

To wake in a great bed, suddenly, with a quick waking. If it is summer outside, to breathe a full gust from the garden. If it is winter, to see the frosted windows close themselves and a bright snapping fire leap up in the hearth, throwing out yellow flashes on the grand room, its blue damask curtains, its cool walls of silver brocade, and the long mirror between the windows. Then to plunge into a huge tub of hot water, steaming water, in a bathroom with flamingoes painted on the walls. Such is the awaking in Heaven.

Let a diminutive breakfast table be set in the bay of an Elizabethan gallery, through the casements of which I see distant mountains, near hills, an orchard sloping down to an estuary, and, right under the walls, an intricate yet slightly unkempt garden with extremely silly statues of nymphs and satyrs.

"And what will the Magnificent One eat this morning?" coyly asks the small blond girl with the porcelain complexion. She is indeed only a porcelain figure animated by a special magic for my service—thus obviating the uncomfortable situation which confronted me on earth of receiving favors at the hands of thinking beings whose thoughts I could not control.

The Magnificent One, despite the reports of some of his friends, breakfasts delicately on grapes, an omelette or two, coffee strong as Samson with almost solid cream, croissants and yellow honey—ah yes, well—then bring on the hot griddle cakes, since you have them ready.

What mornings are these! The weather is always interesting. For in Heaven there are no monotonous stretches of sun or rain; each day is a finished masterpiece. May and October are the predominant moods, with now and then a sullen day of later autumn or a March day with a rainy wind carrying the warmth back to the thawing soil. Of winter we have a fortnight or so, deep winter with fierce blizzards and barbed frosts, when, if one goes abroad, it must be on snowshoes. And at such times the eaves hang down to meet the rising drifts. Now and then there is a fortnight of full summer, the whole too-rich pageant luxuriating on hill and garden. But from these it is always pleasant to awaken in the more delicate humors of the year—May for the exaltation of the body, October for the carnival of the spirit.

Self-sufficient and alone to wander through a forest where the moss is made lively by flakes of orange light, and the brooks are rusty with fallen leaves. Sometimes an open meadow, sometimes a laurel-bordered path, and at the end, the Sea. The white tunic of the immortal is easily thrown aside, and the gay swimmer shall have no fear of cross-currents or undertow. When he comes out,

dripping with brief jewels, there are jewels more lasting scattered on the sand for eager fingers to snatch.

To luncheon come two or three friends, all a-chatter with new ideas and crazy schemes. The meal is a thoroughly undergraduate performance, dedicated to the wisest follies and the most scatter-brained wisdom. Then there is the long afternoon for the composition of poems as everlasting as the poet. Inspiration flows so hot and so fast that pen can scarce take down the hurrying loveliness of phrase, the perfection of sparkling metaphor, the awful music of the verse. Here are books, too, if the pen be tired; all the brave books that have taken the poor dross of earth-life and transmuted it into heavenly gold, or laughter that is finer than gold, or tears that are happier than laughter. And so, of course, there are no Moderns; let us have only the Immortals in an immortal library.

At tea guests begin dropping in, and their number increases until the dinner hour, when as many as fifteen or twenty gather in the cocktail room for the necessary preliminaries. Each guest thinks himself the centre of admiration, but in reality contributes to the splendor of the host. Fear not that the host will become puffed up, for in infinity self-esteem may expand infinitely without damaging character or causing brawls. Let the ample ego lie back in its easy chair and swell out comfortably like a generous waistcoat yielding space to a banquet.

As the wine flows, a divine drunkenness seizes the company; masterpieces roll out wantonly from the most careless lips, intermingled with bawdy or nice wit and phrases of song. To sip wine with a goodly company until long after midnight and never know the retribution of an aching head on the morrow!—You will surely arrange that, Charon?—

There is music and dancing; voices ring merrier, laughter grows ever louder, and no one stops to question, "Am I making a fool of myself?" If talk be literary or artistic, let there be no wrangling; the host's taste is joyfully acknowledged as final by all his guests. Yet now and then, to give such delights an even keener savor, let an earthly error creep in. Let there be a contradiction, an adverse criticism, a sudden recollection of free verse and Schoenberg. Or someone will abruptly develop a social conscience and challenge the befuddled atmosphere with clarion pronouncements concerning vicious luxury, labor problems, birth-control, death. O! but not much of that! just a little, for the spice is overstrong.

The house where these revels take place is only less remarkable than its master. It changes according to his mood. If he would give a grand and princely impression, he will receive his guests on a dais in the midst of high Gothic vaulting and emblazoned standards. If he would cause them to remark on the philosophical simplicity of his

tion, Turkey would have no mean advantage in a war of exhaustion. This is the very strategy which she has just pursued for four years, with such brilliant final results, against the Greeks. It is of course a very different matter to apply it to Great Britain, but possibly she calculates that the British soldier and taxpayer would not hold on so obstinately for these remote and secondary interests of the British Empire as the Greeks did for their national aspirations in "Ionia."

These military considerations may have influenced the Turkish decision at Lausanne, and it has undoubtedly also been affected by the breach in the Anglo-French Entente, now openly acknowledged and threatening every day to take an active form. Anyone who saw how deeply Anglo-French discord entered into the calculations of both Turks and Greeks during the last phase of the Eastern crisis, when Allied unity of front was still officially maintained, can surmise the vast influence which events in the Ruhr must have exercised upon Turkish policy during the recent conference. Though the failure to agree has nominally been caused by concrete differences, particularly in regard to the capitulations, the margin of disagreement is so narrow that the Turkish delegates must mainly have been influenced by a notion that, owing to the European situation, the whole basis of negotiation can be modified in their favor. Indeed, whatever may be the exact truth about M. Poincaré's eleventh hour communications with Angora, it is fairly evident that France, so gravely committed in the West, is determined upon peace at any price in the Levant, even if, in securing it, she has to deal the Entente the coup de grâce.

Probably, however, calculation plays less part than sentiment in Turkey's decision. The unconditional abolition of the capitulations and the recovery of the Mosul Vilayet were two prominent planks in the platform of the "National Pact," and, even before the Greek débâcle, the Turks were determined not to abate one jot or tittle of this "solemn League and Covenant." This is a well-known phenomenon of war mentality. The flag originally unfurled to inspire the fighters becomes itself an object for which the fighting must be carried on; and the Pact becomes a creed just as the flag becomes a symbol. The moral here is precisely that which is now impressing itself throughout Europe. Military operations burn themselves out in time, but the inflammation of feeling excited by their long duration may produce its most fatal effects after the fighting is over.

Such sentiment about the National Pact may determine the direction of Turkey's (now inevitable) choice between the West and Russia. If Turkey's peace terms had not acquired this "consecrated" character but had represented sober calculations, she would surely be content to secure 80 percent of them (as she admits that she has done) by

agreement with England and France, rather than break with the Western powers over the other 20 percent and throw herself—again, but this time perhaps irrevocably—into the arms of Russia. Turkey's differences with the West are acute, but at the same time they are concrete and limited, and if they could be substantially settled there need be no fundamental conflict of interests, any more than there has been in the past. The Western powers have no vital aims or ambitions which are a menace to Turkey's existence, and they are embarrassed by difficulties nearer home. Russia, on the other hand, cannot exist (at least, in the economic sense) unless the problem of the Straits is settled in her favor, if not by one means then by another. The century-old method of military aggression against Turkey with a view to annexation has now definitely failed. Turkey always has found and will find some other great power who will keep Russia at arm's length from her—at one time France and England, at another Germany and Austria, and then England and France again. It might be a generation before Russia was strong enough militarily even to attempt this unpromising method again. There remains the alternative method (practised by Russian diplomacy from 1833 to 1840) of drawing a weakened Turkey, Straits and all, into the Russian orbit by undertaking her defence against other enemies. On the earlier occasion, the cards for this game were put into Russia's hands by Mehmed Ali and France; now she has been presented with an even stronger hand by Greece and the Entente powers. Turkey's war-fevered intransigence is Russia's opportunity.

If Turkey breaks with the West for the sake of 20 percent of her terms, Russia can make sure of her by subscribing unconditionally to them all. What need Russia care about the frontiers of Turkey or the capitulations? She has territory enough and to spare, and has already presented a morsel in the Caucasus to the Turks in the pursuit of larger objects. Her local commercial interests, again, are comparatively unimportant. What is vital to her is the ultimate control of the passage through the Straits. By fooling Turkey to the top of her bent, by playing up to her on less important matters, by encouraging her to isolate herself from the rest of the world, she has a very good prospect of securing a permanent hold upon her—and who knows whether this might not be the best solution of the Eastern question? At any rate, two fundamental requirements would be satisfied by it. Turkey would achieve internal independence and opportunity to build up her own national life in peace; and Russia, the power with the overwhelmingly greatest economic stake in the hinterland of the Straits, would no longer feel the pressure of a hostile hand at the "Throat" (as the Turks expressively call it) of the Black Sea.

ARNOLD J. TOYNBEE.

The Drug Evil

THE lives of some movie actors appear to be more lurid than the films in which they star. But it is hard to believe that all the vice in the United States has been concentrated in Hollywood. In fact the drug habit was popular long before celluloid was adapted to its present purpose. The use of drugs cannot rightfully be regarded as the vice of any group of individuals or even of any single race. Despite the traditional use of opium in the Far East, the basis of the habit is as fundamental as human nature. Indeed we are all drug habitués if one includes coffee, tea and alcohol, which contain habit-forming drugs. Fortunately their use is but rarely accompanied by the evil effects induced by addiction to morphine, cocaine, heroin and codeine.

The number of drug addicts is undoubtedly increasing, but the estimates are based on little more than unsubstantiated opinion because of the difficulty of obtaining reliable data. It is said that there are upwards of one million drug addicts in the United States, and perhaps as many as one hundred thousand in New York City alone. This must be regarded as another one of the evils of civilization. The increase in mental work and tension, the preponderance of nervous strain in highly civilized life leads many to seek relief and peace by artificial means. The state of bliss described by De Quincey is alluring. It has stimulated the curiosity of men and women to the point of trial. The darker side of the picture is only for the eyes of the initiated.

"Dope," as it is more familiarly called by those privy to its use, may be taken in a variety of ways. The favorite method is "a shot in the arm"—or hypodermic injection. Inhalation, smoking and even eating in the raw form are other methods commonly employed. As a drug, morphine has its therapeutic applications. The physician generally prescribes $\frac{1}{6}$ of a grain. Consider then the patient reported by Jelliffe who took hypodermics of 90 grains of morphine daily! De Quincey was known to have taken 8,000 drops of laudanum a day, and Coleridge is credited with having taken more. While such large doses are unusual, in general the use of 15 to 20 grains by drug addicts is frequently noted.

It is a familiar fact that the human body may acquire a tolerance for large doses of any narcotic. The amount required to produce a desired effect must, of necessity, be gradually increased. Exceptions have been noted where the ordinary routine affairs of life have been conducted successfully for many years on a daily dose of from 2 to 5 grains of morphine. As against this may be mentioned the case of a certain woman who had to take a half pint of laudanum every morning. "Without

it she was totally unfit to converse or to be seen."

It has been generally assumed that the drug habit originates in a desire to alleviate pain. Such severe and often lasting pain as is caused by gastric ulcer, neuralgia, neuritis, sciatica and headache find prompt temporary relief in morphine. However, progressively larger doses are required to obtain this surcease. Later, when the patient feeling that he is growing dependent upon the drug, attempts to stop taking the narcotic, he is so soon overcome with such abstinence symptoms as pains, weakness and discomfort, that he gladly goes back to the drug for peace. He has now become an habitué or "drug fiend" and is conscious of his slavery to the poppy seed for such moments of life as seem worth living. With a tremendous purposeful effort it is possible at this stage to break the bonds. It involves an enormous sacrifice and conscious bearing of pain and discomfort for a short time. More frequently, however, as Casamajor has said, he goes on with his habit, secretly indulging in it and jealously guarding his secret from the world, especially from those nearest and dearest to him.

The desire to feel fit is universal. Every "dope fiend" promises himself that he will give up the drug "some day" but each day that comes is not "the day." By imperceptible gradations the dose required for relief mounts, and as the poisonous effect becomes more marked the dose is increased by larger increments to bring back the feeling of well being. But his old friend the enemy is unable to restore him as before. Frantically he grasps at any straw—even the acquisition of another drug like cocaine. This represents the turning point, for now the "dope fiend" begins on the downward path leading to that low level of deterioration characterized by a loss of will and energy which ends in insanity.

The symptoms which accompany the drug habit in its inception are slight and for months there may be no disturbance of health. However, the continued habit is evidenced in most of its victims by a peculiar pallor, a sallowness of complexion and emaciation. The appearance is that of an untidy individual, restless, irritable and prematurely gray; with deranged digestion, loss of appetite, and general impairment of bodily and mental function. The deterioration which occurs is moral as well as physical. Osler says: "Persons addicted to morphia are inveterate liars, and no reliance whatever can be placed on their statements. . . . This is not confined to matters relating to the vice."

There are, furthermore, serious accidents due to the subcutaneous injection of morphine. The most important of these is the production of

abscess and inflammation. The majority of addicts who use this method are badly scarred. The skin is thickened, reddened and covered with bluish and reddened discolorations. Abscesses just forming, formed or commencing to heal, are found here and there. These are due in a majority of instances to "carelessness in injecting, unclean needles or syringes, dirty or over-acid solutions, and a low condition of the general system predisposing to inflammation and suppuration on slight irritation." The first of these, faulty technic, frequently results from the introduction of morphine directly into the vein with unfavorable consequences.

The treatment of drug addiction is extremely difficult and can rarely be successfully carried out even by the general practitioner. Great danger lies in recourse to quacks who advertise home treatments of a painless variety. As a rule their so-called specifics are simply preparations of opium or morphine and their treatment is based upon the plan of substituting one form of the drug for another. Such charlatans merely prey further upon the weakness of the victim. Withdrawal of the drug is the major consideration in any course of treatment. Isolation and systematic feeding are likewise essential features. The three generally accepted methods of drug withdrawal are: (1) Gradual withdrawal. (2) Immediate withdrawal. (3) Rapid withdrawal. The emphasis is placed on the withdrawal. This forms the first obstacle, as Casamajor well points out. While the addict is anxious to be freed from his slavery, he dreads even more the immediate discontinuance of the drug. Like a man with an aching tooth he wants to be relieved of his pain but holds back for fear of the pain of extraction. The addict who presents himself for cure invariably secretes some "dope" to meet any possible emergency in his old way. Great ingenuity is exercised and fountain pens, lockets, cigarette cases, pipes, the lining of clothes and even body cavities have served to harbor the treasure. Unless the addict is kept under constant supervision carefully isolated from contact with every possible source of obtaining the drug, successful treatment is impossible. It is worse than useless to entrust the duties of ministering to a patient to a member of the family, or relative or kind friends. Their hearts are too easily touched by the intense suffering of the habitué when his drug is taken from him and, unable to withstand his cries and entreaties, they frequently give him "just a little" to ease his obvious distress. In general the withdrawal of the drug is accompanied by symptoms which are usually typical, though not always constant. Some addicts enormously exaggerate their sufferings in an effort to obtain some concession to humane feeling and another dole of the drug. There can be no doubt that untoward effects are frequently to be met with, such as abdominal cramps, nausea, great restless-

ness and insomnia, but the conditions can generally be relieved by proper medication and baths.

The relative merits of the three methods of withdrawal, immediate, gradual, and rapid, have been the subject of considerable controversy. Immediate and absolute withdrawal of the drug has been the routine practice for several years past at Bellevue Hospital, Metropolitan Hospital, and Riverside Hospital of the Health Department of the City of New York, Kings County Hospital, Brooklyn, and at the United States Penitentiary, Atlanta, Georgia, according to a recent article by Dr. A. C. Prentice in the Journal of the American Medical Association. In all these 25,000 cases of immediate withdrawal of the drug, no deaths have resulted nor has any suffering been permitted that could not be easily controlled. Gradual withdrawal methods have been used at the New York City Prison in some 12,000 cases, partly to avoid criticism on the part of friends and relatives of the prisoners having access to them during treatment. The most intelligent addicts agree with the medical opinion thus expressed, that immediate withdrawal while exceedingly painful is best because of its short duration and the immediate improvement in body and mind which follows treatment. Many who have experienced the various methods of withdrawal practiced at different institutions, expressed the preference for "cold turkey" as they call the method of immediate withdrawal. The reductive dosage ambulatory treatment of addicts, which is gradual, is falling into disrepute and has actually been prohibited by law in Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Pennsylvania, as well as by implication in the Harrison law and a recent ruling by the U. S. Commissioner of Internal Revenue, who stated that "This office has never approved the so-called reductive ambulatory treatment of addicts for the reason that where narcotics are furnished to an addict who controls the dosage himself, he will not be benefited or cured."

The first comprehensive data of scientific merit on the subject of the drug habit has been the analytic study of nearly 8,000 cases as made by the Department of Health of the city of New York. Contrary to the established belief that pain is responsible for the formation of the drug habit, it was found that only 5 percent claimed an illness as their excuse for addiction, while 69 percent frankly blamed "bad association" for their condition. Osler has said that the acquisition of the habit as a pure luxury is rare. Seventy percent were under thirty years of age. Twenty-six percent were employed in the business of transportation, truck and express drivers, conductors, motormen, etc.

About one-half received at the clinic were willing to accept treatment for withdrawal of the drug as long as they could secure a supply of the drug from peddlers or from a "script doctor." The latter is a renegade to the medical profession who prescribes or dispenses drugs charging for them all

that the traffic ^{ar.} One woman testified that she paid a ^{ce} \$1,000 monthly for a period of thirteen months "to keep her in good health." The script doctors and the peddlers, most of whom are themselves addicts, are the two main sources of supply for those who crave drugs. It has been estimated that 90 percent of the opium imported into the United States is used for other than medicinal purposes. "Much of this is ostensibly exported, but is in reality merely transferred by connivance to the underworld traffic, appearing in the hands of the peddlers as smuggled goods and sold at fancy prices according to the necessities of the fraternity at the time."

There are many who believe that the laws on our statute books concerning the prescription of narcotic drugs are powerless to deal with the situation. The Harrison Anti-Narcotic Act "regulates" traffic in drugs. By its provision every pound of opium or its derivatives that comes into this country legitimately is accounted for, and its distribution both wholesale and retail made a matter of record. The amount imported by the wholesale drug houses and sold to the retail houses is carefully checked up. The drugstores can sell narcotic drugs only on a physician's prescription, and the prescriptions are kept on file. The physician must write his prescriptions in triplicate, one copy for his own protection, one for the local druggist and one for the Health Department. Nor is he allowed to prescribe narcotics for an addict without decreasing the dosage. The Harrison Act according to La Motte is "as comprehensive and as nearly perfect as possible, yet it does not cover the situation. By this means, violations can be detected, whether on the part of an unscrupulous physician or druggist, or even the wholesale house, but these violations are occasional. The root of the evil remains untouched."

In an interesting volume called *The Opium Monopoly* this author, following the lead of Samuel Merwin, has traced the evil to Great Britain's door. In effect it is pointed out that the British government makes every effort to encourage and extend the production of opium, which is run by the government as a monopoly. The British Blue Book and official reports deal quite frankly with this matter: "The opium revenue is partly raised by a monopoly of the production of the drug in Bengal and the United Provinces, and partly by the levy of a duty on all opium imported from native states. . . . In these two provinces, the crop is grown under the control of a government department. The cultivator of opium in these monopoly districts receives a license and is granted advances to enable him to prepare the land for the crop and he is required to deliver the whole of the product at a fixed price to opium agents, by whom it is dispatched to the government factories at Patha and Ghazipur. The money advanced to the cultivator bears no interest. The

British Indian government lends money without interest in no other cases." The opium is auctioned off by the government once a month. At that point the British government steps officially out of the picture and the smugglers step in. As La Motte states it: "The British government encourages poppy production even to the extent of lending money *without interest* to all those who are willing to raise this most profitable crop. The monopoly opium is sold once a month to the highest bidders, and some of these highest bidders are unscrupulous men who must find their markets how and where they can. That fact, of course, is of no moment to the British government." The United States must perforce, be interested. Our neighbors, Canada and Mexico and our waters are perfect channels of distribution. With such a continued source of supply it is not difficult to see that narcotic laws are of little avail. Pressure must be brought to bear on the British government if the world is to be free from drug addiction.

Clearly the drug habit is a serious menace to the general welfare, for it appears in every stratum of society, though it is perhaps more common among the degenerate denizens of the underworld, the criminals, prostitutes, and mental defectives whose condition is rendered even more hopeless and pitiable as social outcasts because of their slavery to "dope." That the drug habit can be conquered is an encouraging fact but far more good can be achieved by attacking the root of the evil and striking at the drug addict's supply.

NICHOLAS AND LILLIAN SEGAL KOPELOFF.

The Brass Check at Michigan

SEVERAL weeks ago two European students walked into President Burton's office at the University of Michigan. They were spending several days at Ann Arbor in the company of students and professors. Some of the practices of the great university were puzzlingly at variance with the ways of their European universities. They "wanted to know" from the highest authority.

The young Europeans could not understand why at the University of Michigan there should be a "Board in Control of Student Publications" with a majority faculty membership. The student publications in their own universities of Leyden and Copenhagen had faculty advisors. But no one thought of control. Why control student journalists?

The frank question seemed to please President Burton, who is a big, forceful man, dressed like a United States Senator. He beamed. He laughed. And then he explained the relation of the American state university to the voting public. He admitted that the European university administered by its faculty was less liable to influence in its social teachings. But he asserted his faith in

"the ability of a democratic people to shape and to administer the education of its children." The young Europeans went away delighted with this 100 percent American answer and wondering how soon the President of the State University of Michigan, whose views on education were so flattering to the voters, would be promoted by them to a more exalted political office.

You or I shudder at the thought of visiting in a household the members of which are having a family row. But if we were students of family life would we not find in such a visit a God-given opportunity? The European visitors, critical observers of American life, innocently enjoyed what they found going on in the family at Ann Arbor.

Sunday morning, January 14th, two days after the arrival of the foreign students, those few readers of the Michigan Daily interested in literature, politics and art missed the Sunday Magazine section which every previous Sunday had slipped out of the paper when one unfolded it at the breakfast table. For the majority—the devotees of the sport page—the paper was, of course, complete. But by Monday morning everyone on the campus knew that the entire editorial staff of the Sunday Magazine had resigned, that they had announced their resignation and published their reasons in the January 14th issue of the magazine, and that the managing editor of the Daily had discovered the coup early Sunday morning as the paper came off the press, and had suppressed the magazine section. There was immediate and perhaps justified criticism of the way the editors had chosen to set their case before the student body. It was generally felt that in concealing part of the copy from their chief, the managing editor of the Daily, they had not acted in good faith. But the intelligent critics were not put off the scent. They realized that sixteen people do not withdraw from an enterprise which brings honor to all of them and financial profit to several, without substantial provocation; and that they do not weaken their moral position by a coup unless they fear being gagged.

The name "Board in Control of Student Publications" suggests an origin in the unpedagogic past when no one had yet challenged the dictatorship of the teacher. But previous to the recent advent of President Burton the Board was in actual practice an advisory board and a very valuable one. It was in those days composed of three students and three professors. Then in 1921 when the President appointed the Dean of Students, Mr. J. A. Bursley, to the Board as a fourth faculty member, it became in truth a Board in Control. The students were outnumbered four to three and the Dean brought with him into the deliberations the fasces of administration.

The first notable exploit of the reorganized Board was an edict in the early fall of 1921 forbidding the publication in any student periodical of articles by G. D. Eaton, a Federal Rehabilita-

tion Board student. Nor might his name be mentioned thereafter in print on the campus (Cf. Upton Sinclair, *The Brass Check*, page 252.)

It may well be imagined that Eaton had given great offence. He was the "stormy petrel" of the campus. Nothing was sacred to his pen. He offended professors and he disturbed the mental comfort of students. Members of the Board speak respectfully of his ability and some, while deploring his flippancy, admit his intellectual value to the campus. Yet they silenced him by edict and made it impossible for anyone to speak in his defence. Why? One thinks involuntarily of President Burton's statement about the influence of the voters on the University. Perhaps Eaton's trenchant criticisms of university life were beginning to attract attention off the campus and might rise to face the President in an evil hour, when he was seeking millions from the legislature for the completion of his vast building program.

Then in May, 1922, the editor of *Gargoyle*, the University "Life," was forbidden on pain of dismissal to publish any more jokes on prohibition or co-eds. This was possibly a more commendable fiat than the one which slew Eaton. But it was none the less a fiat. The schoolboy editor was called up in front of the masters and told what to do. Again one thinks of President Burton's building program and of his remarks about the public.

Notwithstanding the foregoing illustrations of its conduct, the Board was not on the whole oppressive. Its blow at freedom was subtle and unofficial, perhaps unconscious. By its few exhibitions of authority it put the publications definitely in a position of tutelage, and the mischief was done. There were several persons of consequence on the campus who were not slow to avail themselves of the situation. If a board of professors and students could dictate to the student publications "in the interests of the university," why might not the President of the Student Council and the Dean of Men take whatever measures were possible also to influence them for the good of the university? While the resigning editors charged the Board with exercising an intolerable censorship, in reality it was a many-headed oppressor at which they were striking.

When the Board silenced G. D. Eaton it probably went as far as it could go officially. But the Dean of Men, Mr. Bursley, who is a member of the Board, was able in his capacity of Dean to supplement its work. He communicated to the Federal Board of Vocational Rehabilitation the fact that Mr. Eaton was un-American, suggesting that his federal allowance be cut off. This would of course have rid the University of the impossible Eaton without scandal to itself and would have given the action of the Board an added sanction. But the government officials did not act on the Dean's recommendation and Mr. Eaton is now a senior at Ann Arbor.

In November of this college year, the Sunday Magazine published a favorable review of The Nation. The author, Saul Carson, was notified by the Dean's office a few days later that he was ineligible for future participation in student activities (writing for publications included, of course). The reason given was that he had flunked a course in his Freshman year. Carson was prompt and thorough in his inquiries and he found that the alleged administration rule disqualifying him was non-existent. When he raised the question at the Dean's office he was informed that it was all a mistake, and the matter was dropped.

On December 3rd, the Sunday Magazine published a scientific article on gland transference also by the inept Mr. Carson. The article was based on information given by a professor and had been approved by him before it went to press. There was nothing salacious about it, but the members of the Board raised their hands in Puritan horror, passed a resolution condemning the article, and wrote to the managing editor of the Daily calling him to account. Since then his supervision of the Sunday Magazine has been painfully conscientious. The editors now felt the administrative gaze harden into an embarrassing stare.

This is by no means the whole story of the Sunday Magazine, nor is the Sunday Magazine the only publication which has felt constricted. But in the main it has fared worst. It has been avowedly a journal of campus opinion and the ruling powers on the campus evidently dislike opinion which is not their own. It has been unconventional, another offence to the official-minded.

The visitors at Ann Arbor found the situation there a difficult one to comprehend. The editors obviously had a case, but they were inexperienced and had made some false moves. Furthermore, it was difficult to define the guilt of the Board, and it was equally difficult to believe that the affable professors and officials could have acted with the pettiness attributed to them. But after some days of thought away from the scene and from personalities one realizes that the Board and its satellites have hung themselves on both the horns of a moral dilemma. They have tried to make the University look to the public as they think the public would like to see it; in so doing they have abrogated the first principle of education—intellectual integrity.

The family row at Ann Arbor supports the beliefs on which some of us are working in our effort to turn the American college back to its old-time moral and intellectual standards. The attitude at Ann Arbor towards those who speak the truth too often and too openly is not peculiar to that institution. Everywhere American college administrators are bartering their educational ideals for the money and the public support which must be the foundation of the expansion to which they aspire. In California a student editor is expelled

for publishing social heresy; in Ohio the president of a denominational college distorts the truth shamelessly in getting rid of a professor who is obnoxious to an element in the church; in Missouri a college president is found using sharp business methods in collecting funds for the college.

These illustrations could be multiplied many times over, and they leave no doubt of the fact that the morale of college administration in America has ebbed a great deal. But there is no reason for hysteria. When the institutions of learning have got the money they want from business and the public—when the era of endowment drives is over—they will return to the old fearless conception of the university. In this return the students will perhaps lead. The professors are bound to the administration, the administration is bound to the trustees and the public. But the students are free. Already a small minority of idealistic students the country over are drawing together. The fracas at Ann Arbor may be regarded as a preliminary skirmish.

JOHN ROTHSCHILD.

CORRESPONDENCE

Attend This Meeting!

SIR: Senator Borah will speak on the release of the political prisoners at the Lexington Theatre (51st Street and Lexington Avenue), Sunday afternoon, March 11th, at two o'clock. The meeting is being held under the auspices of the World War Veterans, and admission will be free.

Of the men still in jail for their opinions, the majority are I. W. W's. Including state as well as federal prisoners sentenced for opinions their number reaches well into the hundreds. Many of the sentences are for twenty years; some (in the case of the Centralia men—not technically "political" prisoners) are for forty-five years.

Every country in the world except America has released its wartime prisoners. "Can it be that America is the expression of honest opinion?" This question was raised, notably by Bishop Charles H. D. to the President. In this he is now supported by bishops of various denominations demanding political prisoners.

Readers of The New Republic do not need to be reminded of the importance of attending the meeting on March 11, 1923.

New York City.

SANFORD S. KING, JR.
Secretary, World War Veterans

What's Wrong With Our Consuls?

SIR: We should like to call the attention of The New Republic's readers to the case of Sura Styschaez, of Warsaw, Poland. She had sold all she possessed in Poland and emigrated to the United States. Arriving in New York, she was refused admittance because of utter illiteracy in English, and is now returning to Poland penniless.

It has never been as vivid to us before—the distress that laxity in consular business can cause. Surely there must be some way by which our officials abroad could prevent such deportations being necessary. One who is acquainted with the Olympic says that such cases are happening all the time.

S.S. Olympic.

H. MILTON WAGNER, JR.

March 7, 1923

Peer Gynt

The Garrick Theatre. February 5, 1923.

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be true that audiences tend to overrate an actor's talent and underrate his technical skill, it may also be true that they overrate the play and underrate the performance of it. Certainly it would be stupid to put all the imperfections of the Peer Gynt production on the Theatre Guild and nothing on the play. Peer Gynt has running through it an idea, strangely moving and rich with implications, of egotism, self-illusion, faith and love, in human life. It gives this idea to us caught up and entangled with an infinite fancy and with infectious image and fable and cadence. But from the start the beautiful lyricism which, judging by the poetry of the ideas themselves, I can well believe the original displays, is lost for us in a dead and harsh and elusive translation. And the design of the play as a whole is irregularly conceived and unevenly created. It is one of those pieces of Northern art that are barbaric at the core and crowded with the spoils of an impulsive mentality, with no unity of form but only a shaggy unity of spirit dwelling around and in them as chance may allow. Some of the finest moments in Peer Gynt are followed by tameness and vulgarity, as, for example, the scene where Peer becomes a prophet, or that lowest ebb in the play, the scene with the nationalities. No doubt a production with boundless labor, exhaustive attention to every characteristic and subtle detail of make-up and impersonation, could create a profound content for this satirical picture of the Englishman, German, Frenchman, Yankee, et cetera. But why should one labor to the point of exhaustion to make something out of material that is itself only obvious, provincial and vulgar and without imagination, suavity or taste? Any production of Peer Gynt that was not unequal would be adding to the play at least one excellence that it by no means possesses.

Nobody can say, however, that the Theatre Guild production makes this generous addition. The production as a whole has sincerity of purpose so far as the direction goes, and under Mr. Komisarjevsky's hand a movement toward a finer simplification than is often attained. Mr. Simonson's settings, too, having as they do to cope with appalling situations by way of atmosphere, mood and place, surmount almost as many difficulties as they succumb to. The acting in the ensembles is far above the common, in the two main rôles it is largely sincere in intention. But this whole occasion is as uneven as the play itself.

The great and pretty impossible problem for the producer of Peer Gynt is how to catch up into a single mood this collection of scenes that run from the dim fantasy of dreams and the plain humility of a peasant's home to the naïve impossible realism of folk fable with its abounding imagery and its grotesque, symbolic actuality. For all this varied mass certainly the expressionistic method seems the best way out. Expressionism, in theatrical production, as we all know by now, implies a complete disregard of realistic plausibility and a reliance on any device that may seem to render the spirit of the play in hand. The design to which Mr. Simonson and Mr. Komisarjevsky have subjected Peer Gynt manages to some extent at least to unify the whole play; it is worst in the desert scenes with the softish palms and silly water simpering there in a celestial bright blur like the vision of a date advertiser. The cabin and mountain tops also left me flat enough. The scene for Asa's death was good—the bare wall, the cupboard bed, and the business of walking back and forth before the bed where

the dead woman lies and where Peer had slept as a child was—if only Mr. Schildkraut would not stop that once and register his pale face in the spotlight!—wonderfully right and sure. But a further homeliness to the whole design might have been more searching. And the scene in the troll king's palace—so finely ruled by Mr. Digges—droll as it was, was carried to a comical beer-mug realism and noise that killed any chance of our getting the satire and wit of the lines. But the madhouse scene, with its European reminiscences, was a rattling success, the slant lines, the shapes, the cage, the light. And the scene where Peer lies asleep, with the angular rock shapes on either side, and on the sky, beyond the man's figure lying there, the shadows moving, swaying, with their nodding horror of dark dreams and restless life, was a triumph.

Mr. Joseph Schildkraut has made so much progress since his Liliom that we are obliged to take him really into account as an actor. When the curtain rose on that first scene of Peer Gynt, I had the impression of a beautiful creature filled with a leaping life and with a blur of young poetry and madness about him. His movements, his concentration on the wild moment, and most of all his verve and spring in the wedding scene, led me to think that something was going to happen, an important piece of poetic acting. But from that on, Mr. Schildkraut's work declined till it reached its heaviest failure in the place where Peer reviews the irony of his life and in doing so states the chief matter of the play. And yet Mr. Schildkraut as an actor must be reckoned with, and must be studied for what he has and has not and might yet attain to. His greatest fault as an artist—though it shows much less this year than last—is an almost vulgar response to the audience's casual applause. If a piece of business gets a handclap or an inflection gets a snicker, he is too apt to repeat them; many of his best inventions are technically vulgarized by this eager willingness to make a popular go of them, and this is a ruinous fault in any art. Mr. Schildkraut has naturally a good flexible voice, its falsetto and heavy tones are good and resonant in the head. But he slips too often, where the delivery is the ordinary middle tone of conversation, into a rasping and rather nasal quality that is very bad. His English is remarkably natural or local, but still inelegant with many vulgar inflections. As an actor his best characteristic is a vitality and steam of life that animates an entertaining body and a facile mind. At present he has more fertility than taste. He understands the poetic remarkably well with regard to its whimsicality, its variety of life, its energy and power, but less with regard to its elegance, gravity, reflection and tragic finality. And the chief defect of his playing is the lack of any central pathos; he seems, so far, unable to forego a certain glittering externality and technical virtuosity for the sake of that poignant, delicate unity and spirit that would give his art distinction and his quality fineness.

About Miss Louise Closser Hale's Asa, Peer's mother, you want somehow to think better than you can. You feel that Miss Hale needs time yet. She understands the meaning of the part, you can see that; she knows the odd, Grimm's fairy tale comicality of this old woman, her gruffness and her stubborn, devoted heart. She knows the passionate, dumb loneliness and obstinate loyalty. And you feel that Miss Hale knows what the years between the mother and son have stored in them. But she works too hard and counterfeits too much mere laborious detail. "If," a Japanese critic wrote in the fourteenth century, "in the part of an old man the actor, merely because he has noticed that old men walk with bent backs and crooked knees and

have shrunken frames, sets about to imitate these characteristics, he may indeed achieve an effect of decrepitude, but it will be at the expense of the flower. What this actor should study is that effect of will without the corresponding capacity for action that shows in old age, and this effect will be given best by making all movements a little late so that they come after the musical beat. For in old age there is the will to move but not the corresponding capacity. With this in mind the actor may then be as lively as he pleases." Not that Miss Hale should do this exactly. But she might find some parallel to it; she needs to arrive at some one continuity for the character, an intense line of life, and then, having let her soul establish a unity with this, to subordinate to it the incidental small business of age. From where she is already Miss Hale ought thus to be able to move into a great piece of acting.

The last test of Miss Hale and Mr. Schildkraut comes in Asa's death scene, a scene that in itself alone justifies the adventure of the Theatre Guild. The old mother is dying; the law has taken everything in the house, leaving her only a bed. She has chosen the bed that Peer had as

a little boy, though it is too short for her to come. They talk of the games they used to ride after the reindeer over the mountains. He drives the magic sleigh again, talking, reciting a crazy ride, into the gates of heaven, he is a child as she is his mother; she gives herself into his hands. Hale understands this moment better than does Mr. Schildkraut; whatever else, she has the poetry right. Mr. Schildkraut is too unhurt, too facile, too taken up with his effects. And meanwhile the scene itself invites everything the modern actor might have. In it the dramatist finds for the eye as well as for the mind the exact image to express his idea. We have the child's bed, the dying woman, the fantastic dreamer, and the dream between him and her, this woman from whose body this man has been created and who herself follows the creations of his soul; we get the sense of nursery rhyme and great, tragic, universal poetry together; and, as nowhere else in drama, of a certain confusion, blind instinct and divine sublimation of life through love, a humble and ecstatic poetry of mother and son.

STARK YOUNG.

March 7, 1923

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TWO WINTER POEMS

Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening

Whose woods these are I think I know.
His house is in the village though;
He will not see me stopping here
To watch his woods fill up with snow.

The little horse must think it queer
To stop without a farmhouse near
Between the woods and frozen lake
The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a shake
To ask if there is some mistake.
The only other sound's the sweep
Of easy wind and downy flake.

The woods are lovely dark and deep,
But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep,
And miles to go before I sleep.

ROBERT FROST.

Moon Rider

A sky of deepening bronze
Seemed tolling like a bell.
Blue ice filmed shrivelled ponds.
Snow whispering fell.

Trees traced a frieze of black.
One window's spark
Flecked gold upon the farmyard track,
Brightening with the dark.

He cinched the saddle on the colt
That snuffed his hand.
The bar was slid, the bolt
Shot. The open land

Lay ghostly still from hill to hill.
He sprang. They were gone.
Like foam below them tossed the snow.
Hoofs beat on.

Blurred in the eyes like unshed tears
Stars crackled overhead;
The wind a flickering shears
That snaps a thread.

Swift between drifts the flooding thud
Ran muffled on.
Straight at the moon he rode
In goblin dawn.

Dark trees to one high house
Closed round him up the drive.
He reined in hush that seemed to rouse
The voice of all alive.

Pebbles that, spattering, ticked the glass
Awoke a crocus stain.
He saw her shadow pass
The blinded pane.

Over the snow-choked portico
The house leaned heavy-beamed.
A footfall light, a footfall low.
The fanlight gleamed.

Cautious, the oak both groaned and spoke.
One golden bud of flame.
Shadows tall thronged from the hall.
Name breathed to name.

In frosted heaven the moon's shell
Filled, overflowed with light,
Welling like ringing of a bell
Through the lingering night.

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

1 American Architecture

Historic Architecture of the American Colonies and of the New Republic, by Fiske Kimball; illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$12.00.

R. FISKE KIMBALL'S portly volume on American domestic architecture during the provincial period, from the founding of the colonies up to, roughly, introduction of the railway, comes at the end of fifty years of special research. Mr. Kimball brings together the scattered results of earlier investigators, authenticates the history of some two hundred typical houses, weeds out purely conjectural evidence, and contributes to the whole subject a fine passion for detail which makes the present volume, within its limits, complete and irreproachable. So far as I am aware this is the first book that has even attempted to cover in a systematic fashion the whole field of early American house architecture, its chief rivals being the treatises by Messrs. Isham and Brown on the early houses of Connecticut and Rhode Island, published two decades ago; and to say that this work is monumental would scarcely convey the amount of scholarly collation and architectural interest that have gone into the present volume.

Since this book is quite indispensable, and will readily claim a place for itself on the shelf of the student of American history, as well as the lover of architecture, I am free to say that it covers only a part of its subject, and that while the data it presents are extremely valuable, large areas have scarcely even been scratched by Mr. Kimball. For one thing, the author's major interest is in "fine" houses; hence as soon as the eighteenth century gives the impetus to more ornate modes of building, he neglects the development of the farm house during this period, and concentrates attention upon the mansion. A similar bias leads him to overlook the stone houses of New Jersey, and indeed the very existence of architecture in New Jersey; the vast wealth of example that Connecticut has to offer is likewise slighted; and there is scarcely more than an allusion to the influence of the Dutch in New York, as in the stone houses of Esopus. I do not quarrel with Mr. Kimball over his omissions, for I realize how wide the territory is that must be covered and how relatively little any single man can study in Mr. Kimball's exhaustive fashion. It is enough to point out that the subject of our domestic architecture as a whole remains to be treated; and that Mr. Kimball has only established the benchmark for a more comprehensive survey.

Mr. Kimball divides his period into two definite stages; and thus removes a lazy vagueness which has long surrounded the word "colonial": one is a real colonial period which lasted up to the War of Independence, and the other is the early "Republican" period which continued briskly into the eighteen twenties, and in certain parts of the country, particularly in the South, prevailed up to the Civil War.

The first stage of the colonial period was the erection of primitive, temporary shelters. The common error is that these shelters were cabins, built of rough-hewn logs, laid horizontally; cabins of the type which was traditional in the nineteenth century days of pioneering. This notion was based upon the belief that the early settlers began life in the New World with a clean slate, whereas, in point of fact, they carried over with them the traditions of building common in England during the seventeenth cen-

tury, at which time the forests had not yet been laid low through the reckless use of wood in building the great navy, and more particularly, in smelting iron, and hence in many localities wooden buildings sheltered the better sort of peasant. Fresh investigations show, as Mr. Kimball points out, "that the usual dwellings of agricultural laborers in England down to this period, and in remote districts long afterward, sometimes nearly to the present day, were not of stone or brick, or even of frame, but of much more rudimentary construction—of branches, rushes and turf, of palings and hurdles, of wattle, clay and mud. All these modes of building were practised by the American colonists—at first often in cases which involved a great retrogression from English standards."

In the frame houses that followed on the heels of these primitive shelters, and that have given us one of the standard patterns of American dwelling house, the mediaeval English influences likewise remained. A good example is the John Ward House in Salem (after 1684) with its many-gabled roof, its latticed windows, its overhanging second story. The use of the kitchen as living room or the "parlor" as bedroom refers to conditions which prevailed pretty generally throughout the countryside in late mediaeval England; and along with structures of this sort go the same honesty in craftsmanship, the same candor in design, the same healthy disdain for concealment of functional forms that we find in the work of the mediaeval craftsman. They are a little bare, perhaps, these early Colonial houses: they lack that touch of gaiety which is so noticeable in the carved corbels of contemporary stone houses in England. But the virtues of mediaeval architecture are there, and a glance at the interior of the Capen House, Topsfield, for example, will show how thoroughly genial and sympathetic these virtues could be. The most valuable of all architectural traditions—the tradition of dealing honestly with one's materials and judiciously with one's necessities, and making the most of them—can be derived directly from this early colonial work.

The growth of trade along the seaboard brought prosperity to the Southern plantations and the Northern ports; the Boston Post Road, the Albany Post Road, and the Philadelphia turnpike drew the settlements together, and in the little seaport towns, jealously contesting commercial advantages—those were days when, as Cooper tells us, Newport seemed a fair rival to New York—a comfortable body of merchants arose who wanted some appropriate frame for the prudent round of business and sociability, mixed with card-playing and horseracing, that made up their lives. These were not, typically, the days of restless pioneering. There was leisure in eighteenth century America, and a pretty steady contact by books and letters and sons who were studying at Oxford with the culture of England; and out of these characteristic limitations and freedoms came our Georgian architecture, the patterns for which were set in handbooks of design, in the manner of Palladio, Inigo Jones, Benson, and the author of Vitruvius Britannicus.

The elements that go into this architecture are classic: they are the pillars, the capitals, the architraves, the pediments, the cornices, which students and artists, from Palladio to Piranesi, had been bringing to light in their explorations and reconstructions of Roman and Grecian ruins. The structure that supports these elements is usually a rectangular, undistinguished box of brick or ashlar; and the fine execution which the faithful colonial carpenter used to give to the details only accentuates the

essential bareness and restriction of the general frame. In this new Georgian style the structural forms give way to the ornamental; the practical is divorced from the beautiful; the building itself becomes a method of archaeological display. Although the honesty of the builder at first remains uncorrupted, and the bricks are well cemented and the beams soundly joined, a disastrous result comes about; for the habit of perpetual disguise makes a breach for the jerrybuilder, and in the century that follows, both in England and America, the carpenter and the mason "get away with" all sorts of shoddy work by freely applying the plaster and the paint. Those who welcome the influence of the Georgian mode should perhaps ask themselves whether the dissociation between the functional and the ornamental does not in the end create grossly utilitarian structures which are an offence to aesthetics, and a type of birthday-cake architecture—best exemplified in America during the nineties—which is equally an offence to aesthetics by reason of the sheer imbecility and of the vacuity of its design. I have no wish whatever to post too long a score of architectural misdemeanors against the Georgian mode; but I cannot forbear to point out that it has a tendency to sow the seeds of decay. What a harvest we eventually reaped, the historian of nineteenth century architecture will some day take the trouble to tell us.

The War of Independence only plunged America a little deeper into the classic revival; so that the style of the Early Republic, so far from being suited to pursey merchants, who liked their little comforts, indulgences and securities, seems obviously meant for pallid, living effigies, at least ten feet in height, capable of wide rhetoric gestures and of a crushing dignity such as might befit an iceberg. Consider the eighteenth century idolum. Was not Rome the father of the republican virtues: did not Greece suckle democracy: were not the ages that intervened a period of Gothic superstition: was not the Latin Republic the supreme emblem of political dignity: was not Reason as white as marble, and cold as stone? Aye! Was not the American legion of post-bellum days the Society of Cincinnati; and did not the pioneers of the early nineteenth century sprinkle Uticas and Corinths and Syracuses over the trail that led across the Mohawk, so that a map of those newly United States looks like Butler's Atlas of Classical Geography? The buildings of the time only reflected this classic complex. It was a pompous, foolish and utterly misguided myth that the founders of the American state chose to live by; but before it had been put to trial it made a glowing and persuasive pattern; and no matter how ridiculous it looks to us today, it left monuments of domestic architecture which have only one defect—they are monuments, and not dwelling houses.

Now classicism, the notion of returning to a pagan polity decorously modified by Deism, was a weapon of the revolution in both America and France: even Jean-Jacques preached the virtues of Sparta and Rome. Thomas Jefferson, who had learned the lessons of radicalism in France, was the initiator and chief exemplar of vigorously classical structural forms. To Jefferson, the houses of the Georgian era seemed scarcely better than stables; and with an audacity and skill which speaks for his redoubtable genius, he introduced the severe forms of public architecture into our domestic territory; albeit his tempered fidelity to those stately buildings would have made a contemporary of Pericles, huddling in a mean little house at the foot of the Acropolis, cry aloud to his Lares and Penates. Jefferson's followers took up the style with an enthusiasm which

makes similar work in England and France timid and paltering; and from New England they planted in the midst of broad rural estates cold mortuaries which were the bowdlerized American versions of those pure-colored and warm toned buildings whose splendor we should now stupidly call barbaric. Alas! who can live continually in a temple? That spiritual effort we do not demand even of a priest. No wonder that the reaction against classicism, beginning in the thirties, was steeped in a vulgarity which betrayed that the proud, Roman-patterned Republic of the Fathers had become a little soiled by the boots and spittle of Jacksonian democracy. The myth had worn thin; underneath it the mottled surface of reality was showing through.

While it lasted, however, the republican tradition had all the vigor and fertility and derring-do of a genuine style, and alongside more sacrosanct modes of building, it produced houses, like the Gore House at Waltham, Massachusetts, which exhibit a sincere perfection of form. The very fact that these houses were so good in their own day, that they so completely enshrined and exemplified the culture of their period, should make both the Georgian and Republican modes subject to a fine scrutiny when they are upheld as models for the twentieth century.

A genuine style has inherent reasons for existence; it arises as the natural result of a multitude of inescapable conditions, and we cannot "choose" a style without accepting the whole matrix in which it is embedded: a style in fact is the outcome of a way of living and not of practices that have been established in a drafting room or a joiner's shop. It would be just as absurd to criticize the Republican mode for not answering to present day purposes and qualifications as it was for the Renaissance architects to dismiss the ogive, because it lacked the virtues that were embodied in the Grecian and Roman forms. Let us make no such failure of understanding. The sources of our Colonial and Republican styles were in contemporary life, not in the past; the classic effort was part of a long re-reading and re-creation of a mythical antiquity that had gone on through the Renaissance; and the classicism of the eighteenth century was not stale archaeology but living politics. Men took to Roman and Greek architectural designs as they had taken to Livy, Terence, Plato and Demosthenes; they were seized with a desire to live what they conceived to be classic lives—cool, reasonable, patriotic, harmonious; and as long as they were spellbound by this myth they had created, as long as they could throw themselves into its drama, their use of classic patterns was not merely inevitable but in the deepest sense, right; for the style was literally the man, or at any rate, the community. Whilst this eighteenth century culture held together, it affected the carpenter as well as the gentleman-architect; it influenced men in Georgia as well as those in Massachusetts. As soon as that culture disintegrated—and with the coming of machine industry it very quickly disintegrated—the forms themselves tended to disappear, and instead of a genuine style, pervading the whole community, what was left was a multitude of dull stylisticisms, which reflected only the professional training of the architect or the whim of his patron. The further results of this disintegration in the architecture of the last century belong to the department of pathology.

Our survey of early American domestic architecture will be valuable, then, in proportion as we realize how little it has to give us in structural detail, and how much we can

nevertheless profit our knowledge of the culture under which it was created. We today are guided by other myths, or else weander about forlornly, seeking them; and unless we are prepared to scrap a whole century of scientific investigation, tear up our railroads, and reduce the bounds of culture to a handful of ancient texts, we cannot create robust classic tradition, and all our attempts to result in such hideously inadequate buildings—I speak as a periodical inmate!—as the New York Public Library, buildings which quarrel with every modern purpose and which are almost distracting in their incongruity. Here is where I part company with Mr. Kimball. He very justly says that criticism of the classic buildings "from a functional viewpoint is irrelevant to historical consideration." Agreed. But he goes on to say that "whatever be thought of them, there can be no doubt that they endowed America with an architectural tradition unsurpassed in the qualities of monumentality and dignity. It is only this unequalled heritage of classical monuments from the formative period of the nation which can explain America's leadership in the new classic revival of the present."

Need I point out the error? It is precisely because we are no longer dealing with our ancestors' problems and solutions, but with our own, that the relation of the classic style to function becomes a highly important question today; and it is because of the elephantine inadaptability of the classic mode, in pure or Renaissance design, that we feel a sense of biting futility when we contemplate the pious and elegant stylisticism to which we are nowadays being treated.

If our interpretation of American domestic architecture counts for anything, it shows, I believe, that "revival" is another name for necrology. Let us at least have the logic of our convictions: when we design monuments in the fashion of our ancestors, let us plant them in cemeteries; if we wish to preserve them, let us place them in museums. There are the sources for a genuine style in the life that bubbles around us: an architectural past that cannot be pumped to the surface without great effort is scarcely worth having. We honor our ancestors when we live in their best spirit and cheerfully break through their forms.

LEWIS MUMFORD.

The New Outlook in Industry

Incentives in the New Industrial Order, by J. A. Hobson. London: Parsons. 4s. 6d.

MR. HOBSON holds a remarkable position among English economists. He has been known for thirty years as a redoubtable critic of the orthodox school, but he has resisted with a rare success the temptation to let his theories cramp his own development. Most unconventional thinkers after untying the knots of tradition proceed to tie themselves up in knots of their own. Mr. Hobson has exercised a steadily growing influence in England just because of the most conspicuous quality, intellectual honesty and freedom. A man may think and write admirably on his own lines without making people particularly anxious to know what he thinks in some new emergency, for such a man may become hard or mechanical in his judgment. "We all know," people will say, "what so and so will say and how he will say it." Mr. Hobson

is a man of clear and decided views but even those who do not expect to agree with him always wish to know what he thinks because they know they will get the best and not the worst of his mind—that he adopts his reason to his new facts instead of adopting his new facts to his old formulas. This is the highest tribute that can be paid to the character of a man's thinking.

During the last ten or twelve years there has grown up in England a new school, known usually as the Guild Socialist School. In the face of such a development, men who have made a position are tempted either to be unfair to the new movement or else to be morbidly anxious to show that they have been preaching its ideas themselves all the time.

Mr. Hobson's new book—an examination of some of the main problems raised by this school—is marked by his habitual independence, sincerity and thoroughness. He gives an admirable analysis of the old industrial order, the ideas on which it reposed, the nature and history of the revolt from it, the kind of society that reformers want to substitute for it, and the difficulties in their way. If anybody wants to understand the industrial situation in England and the way in which English minds are moving, he cannot find a better guide.

Mr. Hobson describes the present position aptly when he says that the minority of men and women who seek to form policy have lost confidence in the old order without establishing confidence in any alternative. The old confidence has gone because the facts have become too strong for the theory into which the orthodox tried to pack them. In an age of combinations, whose power is greatest in the indispensable services, we look in vain for the "invisible hand" which in Adam Smith's analysis guided the several factors of production to the public advantage.

Moreover, the industrial system is now definitely challenged in the name of workers' control—a challenge that was scarcely heard throughout the nineteenth century after the first discontents of the industrial revolution had been smothered. Is it possible to reorganize industry in accordance with these new facts; to substitute public control for the private control of those industries where free competition has disappeared, and to qualify bureaucratic autocratic management by some form of representative self government? Mr. Hobson examines this policy. He takes as services that must be brought under public control on this scheme, coal-mining, railways, electric generation and supply, and the chief functions of banking and insurance. He discusses in turn the several objections that are urged:

(1) the want of provision for financing the socialized industries; (2) the want of incentives to inventive and technical ability; (3) defective discipline and consequently inefficient labor; (4) bureaucratic incompetence; (5) inadequate protection of the consumer.

It is impossible to review the arguments Mr. Hobson uses on these several questions within the limits of an article. His readers will find that he does not shirk difficulties or give less than their full weight to objections. I have only space to summarize his reflections on two topics.

Some contend that a new social order, with its monopolies nationalized, its inheritances and its high incomes heavily taxed, its rates of remuneration moving towards equality, would be rendered unworkable by the stoppage of saving and a consequent loss of productivity. This

argument rests on the view which appears for example in Mr. Keynes's book on the Peace, that the unequal distribution of a given national income favors saving. Mr. Hobson would say that this was true but not the whole truth. Capital represents the excess of things produced over the things consumed, but it does not follow that that is the best society in which a great deal is produced and very little is consumed. Consumption as well as abstinence is essential to production. So you may have wasteful saving as you may have wasteful spending and the consequences are a glutted market and unemployment.

A more equitable distribution of income would reduce the proportion of saving to spending but it does not follow that there would be a reduction in the absolute quantity of savings. "If this policy made for fuller employment of the factors of production and so for an enlargement of real income, a smaller proportion of saving might yield as large or a larger amount of new capital." Mr. Hobson cites our war experience in support of this argument. During the war, in spite of all kinds of difficulties, our industrial system turned out a product fifty percent larger than its average yield in pre-war times because all the available plant and labor were being operated at top speed in answer to the pressure of consumption. Mr. Hobson argues that this experience shows the effect of a redistribution of income and purchasing power on the demand for commodities and the effect of the fuller use of factors of production on output.

The other argument to which attention might be called is the argument from the dual basis on which industry would rest. It would be fatal in Mr. Hobson's opinion to attempt a sudden wholesale transformation of industry from a profiteering to a public system. It would be fatal because the kind of financial skill that is required for certain operations, the more adventurous kind of industrial development, would not be found or encouraged in a bureaucracy. This argument was used by Mr. Lloyd George against the nationalization of the coal mines. Mr. Hobson shows that the kind of finance needed for the services he proposes to nationalize is more sober and less speculative, and that these other qualities will find their scope and reward in industries that are not suitable, at any rate under present conditions, for public control. So again, with the sort of pushing ambitious man who will win great successes in private industry but will not display his special qualities of dash and imagination in the public service.

"It is not indispensable," replies Mr. Hobson, "to social industry to tame and harness to the public service this kind of leviathan. He would not work in social harness but would prove a plunger and a wrecker." His place is in the non-essential industries. Let him make what money he can out of those industries "subject to taxation and the public protection of employees and consumers."

I have only touched on some aspects of Mr. Hobson's argument. His book is a frank, honest, dispassionate examination of some of the fundamental problems that confront us. Our industrial system no longer answers the needs of our society and it has come to grate on the nerves, the instincts and temper of the self-conscious worker. What alternative or what modification is possible? Mr. Hobson's book makes an excellent complement to Mr. R. H. Tawney's classic *The Sickness of an Acquisitive Society*.

J. L. HAMMOND.

Books of the Month

- Jacob's Room
by *Virginia Woolf*. (Harcourt; \$2.00)
- Poems
by *George Santayana*. (Scribner; \$1.50)
- Countries of the Mind
by *J. Middleton Murry*. (Harcourt; \$4.00)
- The Flower in Drama
by *Stark Young*. (Scribner; \$1.50)
- Waldo Frank: A Study
by *Gorham Munson*. (Boni; \$1.50)
- The Writings of Lafcadio Hearn (Sixteen Volumes: Limited Edition)
by *Lafcadio Hearn*. (Houghton; \$128.00)
- The Hill of Dreams
by *Arthur Machen*. (Knopf; \$2.50)
- Letters and Papers
by *John Addington Symonds*. (Scribner; \$3.50)
- Studies in Empire and Trade
by *J. W. Jewdine*. (Longmans; \$7.50)
- Insanity and the Criminal Law
by *William A. White*. (Macmillan; \$2.50)
- Many Marriages
by *Sherwood Anderson*. (Huebsch; \$2.00)
- Paint
by *Thomas Craven*. (Harcourt; \$2.00)
- Contemporary German Poetry: An Anthology
by *Babette Deutsch and Avrahm Yarmolinsky*. (Harcourt; \$1.75)
- On
Essays by *Hilaire Belloc*. (Doran; \$2.00)
- Georgian Stories: 1922
by *Katherine Mansfield, May Sinclair, D. H. Lawrence, Sheila Kaye-Smith, W. Somerset Maugham, etc.* (Putnam; \$2.50)

Contributors

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- J. L. HAMMOND is an English journalist and sociologist, author of *Charles James Fox*, collaborator in *Essays in Liberalism by Six Oxford Men*, and joint author with his wife of *The Village Labourer and The Town Labourer*.